

GERMAN WRIGGLE ON TRIAL OF WAR GUILTY

The Daily Mirror

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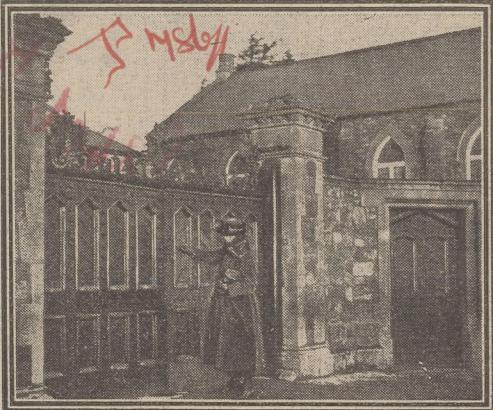
[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MYSTERY OF "SOUL BRIDE" AT ABODE OF LOVE.



Ruth, the "soul bride."



On the threshold of the Agapemone—or Abode of Love.



Glory, the first-born, returns from a spin.



Power, the second son of Sister Ruth.



Mrs. Reed (in leather coat) the secretary.



John Smyth-Piggot, the "Messiah" of the Abode of Love.

The whereabouts of Sister Ruth Preece, John Smyth-Piggot's "soul bride," remains a mystery. Recently a report was current that she had left the Abode of Love, where she dwelt with her children, Glory, Power and Life, and had returned to the world she de-

serted in her infatuation for the "Messiah." Mrs. Reed, the secretary, denies this rumour, and told *The Daily Mirror* that the whole family is still residing there in perfect happiness. We publish the new portrait of Ruth by courtesy of *Lloyd's Weekly News*.

WHIRLIGIG FASHIONS.



A striking turban toque worn by Miss Betty Sinclair in "The Whirligig" at the Palace. The clever and original designs in millinery are a noticeable feature of this successful revue.

INGENIOUS APPLICATION OF FLYWHEEL FALLACY.



"The Motor Cycle" calls attention to this curious mechanical device, which is the invention of a Frenchman. By means of the flywheel he hopes to eliminate the fatigue of pedalling, but, unfortunately, unless roads are designed with a continuous downhill tendency, the additional weight of the apparatus will be the sole result.

SECOND MARY PICKFORD.



Miss Renée Reel, who is the principal boy at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. She is famous for her imitations of Mary Pickford, the film favourite, to whom she bears a distinct resemblance.

MYSTERY OF THE "SOUL BRIDE."

Where Is Sister Ruth of the
Abode of Love?

GLORY, POWER AND LIFE.

"Daily Mirror's" Visit to Guarded
Agapemone and the Sequel.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SPAXTON, Sunday.

Where is Ruth, the chief soul bride of Mr. John Hugh Smyth-Piggot's Abode of Love? (Photographs page 1.)

The Abode of Love is a carefully-guarded residence, protected by a high brick wall and well-barricaded gates, in the little village of Spaxton, which lies under the shade of the Quantock Hills.

Spaxton is agog with rumours. One account has it that Sister Ruth has shaken the dust of the Agapemone from her heels and has taken refuge under an assumed name in Scotland.

Others say that Sister Ruth has been seen during the last few days walking in the country lanes which surround the Abode—a smiling-faced woman happy in the company of Smyth-Piggot, the self-appointed "Messiah," and Glory, Power and Life, their three children.

Mrs Reed, the secretary of the Agapemone, told me yesterday that Sister Ruth was still at the Abode of Love.

"NEVER SO HAPPY."

"Sister Ruth Has No Intention of Leaving the Agapemone," Says Lady Secretary.

"Sister Ruth has no intention of leaving the Agapemone," added Miss Reed. "She tells me that she was never so happy in her life as she is at present. We have all been very much amused at the rumours which have been circulated lately."

The one which suggested that Sister Ruth wished to take the children away is particularly funny, and, of course, quite untrue. None of them wishes to leave Spaxton.

"Sister Ruth is perfectly happy, and so are the children. The boys are keen motor-cyclists, and 'Life,' their small sister is a lively little girl."

Only yesterday I spent a most pleasant afternoon playing 'Up, Jenkins' with her, and she beat me every time."

Here Miss Reed, who is a pleasant-faced, rather masculine woman who affects a leather cycling kit, pulled on her huge fur gloves and, flinging herself into the saddle of her motor-cycle, rode off up the main street towards Spaxton.

GLORY, POWER AND LIFE.

Boys Who Look Like Girls—A Motor-Cycling Devotee and a Pretty Daughter.

I went out to Spaxton. At the side of a narrow country lane stands the high stone wall which surrounds the Abode. Its heavy reddish bricks are well cemented and topped with iron spikes.

From above the walls can be seen the red-tiled roofs of the houses and at the top of the stained glass windows of a shape above which is an enormous concrete lion whose massive paws hold the gilt-tipped flagstaff.

As I was walking along beside the little inn which stands at the side of the gates of the Abode, the hooting of a motor horn attracted my attention. A figure clad in dun-coloured mackintosh overalls and a round-shaped black fur cap, on a light-made motor-cycle, went slowly past.

This was the boy Glory, the first of the children born to Mr. Smyth-Piggot and his "spiritual" bride, Sister Ruth Annie Preece. Glory looks more like a girl than a boy.

A little further along the Bridgwater road I met a pony and a small trap, in which sat an elderly woman and what I took at first to be a girl of about twelve years of age.

This was Power, Mr. Smyth-Piggot's second boy. He looked even more girlish than his brother for, in addition to a round-shaped fur cap, he wore a for cloak buttoned high to the neck.

Life, the third child, whom I saw walking with two grey-haired women from the Abode, is a rather pretty, fair-haired little girl of about nine years of age.

MONEY SPENT FREELY.

"Buying Land on All Sides, Lately"—An Invitation to the Agapemone:

"The Agapemone people have been buying land on all sides lately," said one of the village tradesmen to me.

"But there does not seem to be as much money flying about there as there used to be. At one time they gave all the cottage-holders a Christmas dinner and distributed toys freely among the children. Nothing of that sort happens now. They are all pleasant people here but like the villagers."

"Mr. Smyth-Piggot, Sister Ruth and the children are very fond of walking. They are often

to be seen making their way to the Quantock Hills and the woods near by."

In Bridgwater again I met Miss Reed on her way to meet some visitors at the railway station. You must come up and see the grounds of the Agapemone. They are very pretty indeed," she said to me before we drove away on her motor-cycle. "Come up in the morning. I will meet you at the gate. I shall see you arrive from my bedroom window."

When I went to the Abode to keep my appointment I found the huge iron-studded and iron-spiked gates barred against me. Except for a tweed-suited man, who wandered up and down the road keeping a watchful eye on my movements, there was no sign of life.

A GLIMPSE OF BEAUTY.

Fierce Custodian's Abrupt Greeting: "We Never Allow Anyone In."

I knocked loudly on the door. Nothing happened. I kicked the smaller door at the side of the big gates violently. After a little time my efforts were rewarded.

The side door opened sufficiently wide to allow an old man to pass through. Before he could bang the door after him I caught a glimpse of beautiful green lawns with concrete vases in which grew small trees and shrubs, and in the background gabled houses.

"Who are you?" the old man asked gruffly, glancing fiercely at me.

I told him that I had come to keep my appointment with Miss Reed.

"Hum, so you're the party she met in the town, are you?" he said. "Well, Miss Reed is resting and you can't see her. She told me to say that you can't come in. We never allow anybody in here."

Then, turning his back on me, he walked across the road to speak to a broad-shouldered man who had appeared mysteriously from behind the opposite hedge.

The two joined the third man, who still loitered in the roadway, and all carefully loitered as I got into the waiting car and drove away.

STORY OF AGAPEMONE.

Smyth-Piggot's Ascendancy Over Ruth Preece—"Messiah's" Spiritual Wife.

The Abode of Love, or the Agapemone, is a community of men and women. It was instituted by Brother Prince, and after his death, in 1889, the Rev. John Hugh Smyth-Piggot succeeded to the position of self-appointed "Messiah."

Mr. Smyth-Piggot, who was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, had created a considerable sensation when pastor of the Agapemone Church at Clapton by claiming a divine character.

He was born at Wells, and was charged with "immoral acts, conduct and habits" at the Wells Consistory Court and found guilty.

It was while Mr. Smyth-Piggot was conducting services at the Clapton church—which was known as the Ark of the Covenant—that he established his curious ascendancy over Ruth Preece.

She became so infatuated with the self-styled "Messiah" that she consented to accompany him to the Abode of Love as his spiritual wife. She has been an inmate of the establishment for the last fifteen years.

CHINESE BOY ARTIST.

"Daily Mirror" Prizewinner, Who Follows Adventures of Pip and Squeak.

An eleven-year-old son of the Chinese Minister in London just won a "Children's Mirror" prize for a very clever little painting.

His name is Szeming Sze (pronounced Soo). He is a merry, olive-skinned boy who is a great favourite at his preparatory school at Beckhill.

Szeming speaks English perfectly. He told *The Daily Mirror* that he was delighted that he had won a prize.

"Are you the real Uncle Dickie?" he asked. "And where is Pip and Squeak? I love to see their adventures every day."

"I am very fond of England and the English people. My chief pleasures are painting and reading adventure stories. I'm awfully keen on football, and I hope to be a good player one day."

Mme. Sze, Szeming's mother, is celebrated for her wonderful Chinese kimonos, head-dresses and footwear at official receptions and dinner parties at the Chinese Legation.

BOW-STREET POLICE COURT FOR SALE.

The freeholds of three theatres, a police court and a hotel are to be sold at Winchester House on Wednesday.

Included in a part of the Covent Garden estate, which has changed hands two or three times in the last five years, they are—

Druitt Lane Theatre, the Aldwych, the Strand and the Waldorf Hotel, while the police court is Bow-street, the ground rent of which is £1,100.

BARE BACK CRAZE.

Lady Mayoress' and Miss Lena Ashwell's Dress Views.

"UGH! HOW COLD."

Once again the modern woman and her dress—or, rather, the lack of it—is in the bad books of the Church; and stern denunciation has visited the frocks.

Frocks, tardy in beginning and abrupt in ending, whose only support appears to be a slender shoulder strap, and material which can be described as a "transparent haze," are crooked strong and tight, and are known as a League of Uncommon Modest Dress is being formed in Ireland.

"I think the prettiest styles were those of ten years ago, before low necks came in fashion," said Lady Cooper (Lady Mayoress) to *The Daily Mirror*.

"I loved high and good sense and discretion should be combined with a certain regard to age."

"Low necks and bare backs? Ugh! How cold and with our climatic vagaries, how dangerous!"

Miss Lena Ashwell is tolerant in her opinions.

"If people like to go about with nothing on their backs, necks or ankles, and like to feel cold," she said, "well, let them."

"To those possessing really beautiful necks and ankles I would say, by all means show them."

ISHMAEL OF THE ZOO.

"Nobody's Friend" in Reptile House—The Weird Matamata Terrapin.

"He's the ugliest creature I have ever seen—I can't think of a name bad enough for him!"

Thus the Reptile House keeper at the London Zoological Gardens yesterday referred to the recently-arrived Matamata terrapin.

When taken from his tank into the full light of day the new Zoo inmate leered round at the company and children shrank back in disgust.

A tortoise-like body, a long, flat neck, squat head, big-like nose and little evil, twinkling eyes—such are a few "points" of the Matamata terrapin.

Then, at the keeper's word, the terrapin flopped into the water and, pushing past two scared turtles—he is nobody's friend in the Reptile House—slid along to the nearest hot-water pipe.

FINGER BITTEN ON TRAM.

Conductor Hurt in Scuffle with Men on Car Near King's Cross.

As the result of a scuffle with five or six men in a tramcar in Caledonian-road, King's Cross, on Saturday, Laurence Green, the conductor, had to be admitted to the Royal Free Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from severe internal injuries.

Five or six young men who boarded the ear too unbrake at a remonstrance by Green and a free fight ensued, during which Green was set about the head and body and had a finger bitten.

Green told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that he thought he could identify the men if called upon to do so. He is the father of seven children, all under nine years of age.

"I AM A HUN."

U-Boat Commander's Message Picked up on Gramophone Record.

Some interesting gramophone records of sounds made by the German submarines as they entered Harwich Harbour were exhibited by Professor Bragg at the concluding lecture to children at the Royal Institute on Saturday.

One gave the sound of the crew hammering inside the boat; another recorded the message in Morse code by the commander, "I am a Hun."

M.P.'S DEATH: PAISLEY BY-ELECTION.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was mentioned yesterday as a possible candidate for Paisley, where a by-election has been caused by the death on Saturday of Sir John M. McCallum. At the general election the figures were:—

Sir J. McCallum (L.C.) 7,542

Mr. J. M. Biggar (Co-op.) 7,436

Mr. John Taylor (N.D.P.) 7,203

Sir John had been Liberal member since 1906.

Labour M.P. for Dundee, Mr. Alexander Wilkie, will retire at the next general election.

CHRISTMAS EVE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A Christmas Eve mystery has been solved by the finding of the body of Millicent Gilman, a domestic servant, aged thirty-seven, of Sheffield, in the old iron minni din Rivelin. When she disappeared she left her bank-book and a note on the table.

BRIDE WHO COULD NOT FACE HARSHIP.

Worthing Nurse's Suicide on Canadian Farm.

WAR ROMANCE TRAGEDY.

CHARLOTTETOWN (Prince Edward Island), Saturday.

The rigours of Colonial life have brought a tragic end to one romance begun in England between a Canadian soldier and an English girl. (Photograph on page 9.)

Thomas Corbett Ellis of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, met Nurse Brampton, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Brampton, a returned Chinese missionary, of Worthing, England, in hospital, fell in love with her, married her, and brought her to the province of Prince Edward Island, where he is engaged in farming.

Unaccustomed to the hardships of a Canadian winter and of farming life, the English bride did not take kindly to her conditions.

Her lot was in no way improved through Ellis bringing his mother and his two sisters to live with them.

Mrs. Ellis fled she was a cipher in her own house, and this led to an estrangement with her husband, who ceased to occupy the same room with her.

Quarrels ensued, and the "new mate" soon became so unhappy that she wanted to return to her people.

She then wrote to the Anglican clergyman of her parish here, telling him how unhappy she was and alleging that her husband had threatened her life.

A few days later Mrs. Ellis was found in her room with her throat cut.

A coroner's jury, says the *Weekly Dispatch*, gave a verdict of Suicide, but on the authority of the Attorney-General the husband was detained pending further investigation.

"SUCH A BRIGHT GIRL."

Nursed Husband in Hospital—Tragic News Broken to Father.

The Daily Mirror yesterday took the sad tidings of his daughter's death to the Rev. Thomas Brampton, to whom the news came as a severe blow.

He said that Mrs. Brampton was an invalid, and he did not know how he should be able to tell her.

Nurse Brampton had nursed her husband, Thomas Corbett Ellis, in hospital, and had known him for over two years. They appeared devoted to each other, and the bride's letters home had always been bright and cheerful.

"Poor girl, we never really wanted her to go," said one of Mrs. Ellis' relatives to *The Daily Mirror*, "but there, nothing would have kept her back, she was so eager to go."

She never wrote very much, so we were not worrying at not hearing from her. She was always such a bright and cheerful girl. It seems unbelievable."

HER TWO "JOY" MAIDS.

Ex-Service Men Solve the Servant Problem—Mistress! "No Regrets" Choice.

"It's my opinion you want, and not that of the policemen on the beat, I can tell you my cook and parlour-maid are the best in this suburb."

This was the laughing rejoinder made by an enterprising housewife to *The Daily Mirror's* inquiry regarding her ex-Service "domestics."

"I had over a hundred replies to my advertisement for a cook and a maid respectively," she went on, "and during the three months my two serving-men have been in this house I have never had a single regret as to my choice."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind between S.W. and W., strong to a gale. Showery. Mild.

Brussels postmen are on strike.—Reuter.

Hearing the news of Barnsley's Cup-tie win, Nathan Speight, fifty, a Barnsley miner, fell dead.

An egg weighing 5½oz. and measuring 7½in. in circumference has been laid by a hen at Cranbrook, Kent.

Problem.—Sissinghurst (Kent) Rat Club has found that of seventy-two rats killed only nine were males.

New Knight.—A knighthood has been conferred on Mr. W. Towle, manager of the Midland Railway Hotels from 1871-1914.

Death of Countess of Selkirk.—Cicely Louisa, Countess of Selkirk, widow of the sixth and last Earl of Selkirk, has died at Balmas.

£1,000,000 Miles Postman.—Having walked over a million miles in fifty years of postal service, Mr. W. Pye, of Croxteth, Lancs., has retired on a pension.

Mme. Landru Confesses.—Mme. Landru, wife of the modern Bluebeard, has admitted signing papers in the name of Lavie, one of Landru's alleged victims.

Seven Workmen Hurt.—About a score of workmen were thrown out of a motor-lorry at Hull yesterday when it skidded and crashed into a shop window, seven being injured.

"GERMANY WILL FULFIL PEACE TERMS OF ALLIES."

Treaty in Force at Last—Von Lersner on "Heaviest Sacrifices Ever Inflicted."

LAST HUN WRIGGLE OVER HER CRIMINALS

A brief, formal ceremony in Paris on Saturday marked the setting of the last act in the great world war. The Protocol and ratification of the Treaty concluded between the Entente and Germany was signed, and it only remains now for Germany to carry out her obligations. This she will do, says Baron von Lersner, the German delegate. He has, however, a last wriggle on the subject of the trial of the war guilty.

With the ratification of the Peace Treaty the Allied Powers and Germany are theoretically friends again. The League of Nations, too, came into being on Saturday.

GERMANY AND THE TRIAL OF WAR CRIMINALS.

Allied Powers Officially and Theoretically Friends Again.

BIRTH OF THE LEAGUE.

"I am glad that peace has come; but its coming imposes on Germany the heaviest sacrifices ever made on a nation in the history of the world."

Thus Baron von Lersner, one of the German Peaces delegates, in an interview with Reuter's correspondent after the signing of the protocol at the Quai d'Orsay, in Paris, on Saturday.

"Germany will fulfil the contractual obligations which she has taken on herself, and to do so she will go to the utmost limit of possibility," he added.

Regarding the proposed extradition of those Germans who are considered by the Allies to have committed crimes in time of war, Baron von Lersner said:

"The German Government has submitted written suggestions for solving this delicate question. Germany was willing—"

"To incur an obligation of arraigning in Germany before the Supreme Law Court all incited persons pointed out by the Entente."

"To abrogate the amnesty with regard to them and to admit to trial representatives of the Entente to pursue prosecutors with the full rights of control."

"Germany has promulgated preliminary laws to this effect."

The Baron added that his conviction was that the Entente nations were not seeking to satisfy a craving for revenge, but desired to punish those really guilty, and he thought the German proposal the best way of attaining that end.

THE KAISER.

The fate of the ex-Kaiser is still indefinite. The *Echo de Paris* says it is proposed to try him in his absence, but another report states that the extradition demand to Holland is ready.

The Protocol was signed by the German delegates in Paris on Saturday, at 4.10 p.m., the ceremony was a short one, and the exchange of ratifications which brought the Treaty into force was disposed of in less than fifteen minutes. It marks the birth of the League of Nations.

After the signing Mr. Clemenceau saluted and said a few words to Baron von Lersner and Herr von Simon, indicating that peace relations had been resumed. Then all the delegates took tea in an adjoining room. With the ratification of the Treaty the Allied Powers and Germany are theoretically friends again.

The German Government has issued a fare-well to the contestants of Germany's "lost territories."—Reuter.

The conditions which Germany has to fulfil include the following: Evacuation of Schleswig in ten days and leave West Prussia in fifteen days; hand over war-guilty Germans in a month; dismantle fortifications and reduce fleet in two months; reduce army to 200,000 men, and disclose poison gas secrets in three months. Payment is made for the payment to the Allies of £5,000,000, to be spread over a number of years, and the Sea. Flow repayment of 400,000 tons will be reduced ultimately by 100,000 tons or even more if necessity is shown.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Will Viscount Grey Be First President? His Work for Peace.

Viscount Grey, whose name is mentioned in connection with the presidency of the League of Nations, was appointed British Ambassador to Washington in August last.

He has closely identified himself with the League of Nations movement.

Our Berlin Embassy.—It was rumoured in political circles last evening that Sir William Tyrrell, who went to the United States as Viscount Grey's private secretary, may shortly go to Berlin as the representative of the British Government.

U.S. and Germany armistice conditions, says Washington, will govern relations between the U.S. and Germany.

DEATH OF OFFICER WHO DIVED TO SAVE WOMAN.

Jump Over Hammersmith Bridge—Too Dark to See Tide Was Out.

GOLDEN DEED OF "CHIPS."

If anybody ever deserved a posthumous award it was the "very gallant gentleman" who has just lost his life in saving that of a woman in London.

For no finer story of bravery, in peace or war, has been told than that in which Lieutenant C. C. Wood, a young South African, who died in the R.A.F. Hospital, Finchley, on Saturday night, figures as the hero.

Soon after midnight on Saturday, December 27, when crossing Hammersmith Bridge, he was told by a woman that her mother was in the river. As it was very dark, he jumped on the parapet and dived into the water at a distance of nearly 100ft. He found the woman, and brought her to the shore and then collapsed.

He could not see that the tide was out, and struck his head on the river bed.

The woman, Mrs. Paxton, of Montgomery-street, Hammersmith, was uninjured, though suffering slightly from shock.

CHEERFUL TO END.

Throughout his illness the young lieutenant was very cheerful. To his friend, Captain Read, the first South African V.C., he smilingly remarked, "It's a long way from Hammersmith Bridge to the water. It was very cold." By his friends in the Air Force he was affectionately known as "Chips."

Mrs. Paxton, when seen yesterday by *The Daily Mirror*, was in tears. "I know he is dead," she said. "I have tried to see the poor boy twice, but they would not let me. Please do not question me about what happened, as I remember nothing."

PHOTOGRAPH CLUE.

Vicar's Missing Daughter Found Working as a Nursemaid.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ROCHDALE, Sunday.—There has been a dramatic sequel to the mysterious disappearance six months ago of the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Rev. D. T. Wilson, vicar of All Saints', Rochdale.

A photograph and description were circulated and the vicar made journeys all over the country in following up supposed clues of her whereabouts.

On Christmas Eve the family received a letter from Miss Wilson, posted at Bootle, but without any address, in which she stated that while at a Welsh village she saw posted outside a police station a notice referring to herself.

The parents decided to publish her photograph again. This was seen by a woman in Waterloo, Liverpool, and she was struck by the remarkable resemblance of the photograph to her nursemaid.

The girl was taxed and admitted her identity. The vicar was communicated with, and to-day the mother left for Liverpool to claim her daughter.

COAL SHORTAGE—DOCKERS' THREAT.

The Goole Dockers' Union announced yesterday that unless better supplies of coal for domestic purposes in Goole are forthcoming they will instruct their members to refuse to handle any coal for export to France or Belgium or for transport to London.

It was stated that 4,000 tons of West Yorkshire coal was sent last week to Continental ports and to London, while coal workers on reaching their homes found fireless grates.

FEWER DIVORCE SUITS.

Law cases in the Hilary Term, which starts to-day, show a decrease. Altogether there are 1,544. The undefended divorce suits total 1,325 instead of last term's 1,769.



Viscount Grey, whose name is mentioned in connection with the Presidency of the League of Nations.



Sir W. Tyrrell, who it is rumoured, in political circles, will be the British Ambassador at Berlin.

LINER BREAKS IN TWO ON CHANNEL ROCK.

Only Seven Men Saved Out of Forty-Three.

GRIM FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Widespread Havoc by Gale and Floods.

A terrible sea disaster, involving the loss of thirty-six lives, occurred off the Dorset coast during the terrible gale of Saturday. The liner *Trevel (4,000 tons)*, owned by the Hain Steamship Company and chartered by the Blackbrook Steamship Line, of Liverpool, and inward bound from Calcutta to Dundee with a cargo, struck the Kimmer Edge Rocks, near St. Albans Head.

Neither tugs nor lifeboats could get near the vessel; and the captain signalled that he was going to abandon ship, and the crew put off in boats for the shore, but these were swamped.

A terrible scene was at once witnessed. The men struggled for the shore, being assisted by the set of the tide, but only seven survived to reach the beach.

The other thirty-six men were drowned, and the bodies of twenty were washed up during yesterday and taken in charge by the coastguard.

About noon yesterday the *Trevel* broke in two and became submerged.

The names of the seven survivors are:—

Third Officer W. Donald, Swansea; Chief Engineer R. H. W. Thirkell, Cardiff; A. Wilcock, St. Ives; Turnor, St. Ives; A. W. Winterbotham, Penzance; K. Kirkby, Sheffield; F. Ansell, Truro.

The last two are apprentices. Wilcock is chief cook, Turnor mess steward, and Winterbotham an able seaman.

VICAR IN THE SURF.

Stood Up to His Neck Pulling Drowning Men Ashore.

The chief engineer declares that if a tug had reached them on Friday night they could have got the vessel off. The last wireless they sent out read: "For God's sake send us assistance."

"The men were struggling in the water in all directions. I was thrown upon the beach on my hands and knees. How I came there is a miracle, as I cannot swim a yard," he added.

Both officers paid a warm tribute to the services of the vicar of the parish, Mr. Pearce, who was seen pulling the surf up to his neck helping to pull the men in.

Up to last night the body of Captain C. Paynter, of St. Ives, had not been recovered.

The ship was a new vessel and was on her first trip. The third engineer and the assistant steward were married just before they sailed.

Steamer Disabled.—The British steamer *Rio Negro*, from Dublin, is reported by wireless as adrift at sea in Lat. 52° 45' N. and Long. 52° 45' W., and to be engaged for assistance.

Lifeship Rescues.—On Saturday the *Hayling Island* lifeship rescued the crew of fifteen of the French schooner *Monte Grande*, of Havre. The vessel is expected to become a total wreck.

Reported Disaster to Italian Liner.—There is no confirmation (say Reuter) of the report that the Italian liner *Principessa Mofalda* had struck a mine, and that 700 lives had been lost.

STORM ITEMS.

Streets are flooded in Bath, where the Avon rose six ft. yesterday.

Exeter suburbs were isolated last night by the overflowing of the Exe.

Blown off a lorry at the Finsbury Park Empire, Steven Dae, aged sixty-six, a stage hand, broke a leg.

Struck by a falling lamp-post in Hoxton-street, Shorendell, Nellie Rudnay, aged ten, was taken to the infirmary with concussion.

"HOPING FOR REVOLUTION."

Wild Talk at Shop Stewards' Conference—Uses of Dear Living.

"The more difficult it became for the working classes to live the nearer the possibilities of a revolution came, and that was the thing they were hoping for," said Mr. Gibbons (South Wales Miners), at the conference of shop stewards, held yesterday at the International Socialist Club, East-street, City-road.

They should welcome the increased cost of living, he went on, as this was the way to go until it came to the point where it would make it impossible for Great Britain to compete in the markets of the world. Then would come the downfall of capitalism.

A delegate from Ireland, "Captain" White, suggested that a parliamentary campaign should be started here of candidates who would be pledged, in the event of their election, to refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown.

300 APPLICANTS FOR £400 POST.

Over 300 applications have been received for the post of joint secretary of the Peterborough Agricultural Society and Peterborough Farmers' Union. The salary is £400 per annum.

Whiteleys WINTER SALE

TO-DAY AND UNTIL JANUARY 24th
WONDERFUL BARGAINS
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

Catalogue
of Sale
Offers in all
departments
Post Free.

Lady's
Cambric
Nightdress
Neatly embroidered
in three designs;
slip-over shape with
Magyar sleeves.
To-day's Value, 12/9
Sale Price
8/11

No Sale
Catalogue
Issued.

To-day's Value, 27/9
Sale Price
18/9

LADY'S WINEY
FLANNEL
NIGHTGOWN

with bold, reliable silk
embroidery insertions.
To-day's Value, 27/9
Sale Price
18/9

WHITE ALPINE
COMBINATIONS
Very soft finish.
High neck or low neck, short
sleeves. Usual Price 9/11 & 10/9
Sale Price
7/11
Outsize
8/11

SPECIAL OFFER of
WHITE ALPINE
WOOL COMBINATIONS
Spiced work and under arms.
High neck or short sleeves.
Women's and outsize. Slightly
imperfect finish, not detracting
from wearing qualities

Sale Price
15/9
Outsize, 16/9
To-day's Value, 25/-

SPECIAL OFFER of
BOYS' TWO PIECE
JERSEY SUITS.
At less than to-day's cost price.
Will wash like Linen and
need not to shrink. Splendidly made
like the best. With stand-up
collars, in Navy Blue only. Sizes from 20
to 28 inches.

Sale Price
17/11
for 20 inch size

Remnants
and
Oddments
on
Thursday
next.

"BURMA" — Remaining
lot of MOIRETTTE PETTI-
COATS. Very durable
with flat pleated foot frill.
In Amethyst, Saxe,
Violets, and Emerald
only. Usual Price 12/11.
Sale Price 6d. extra.

Sale Price
8/11 1/2

2/- extra for each
size larger.

GORRINGS WINTER SALE

TO-DAY
and throughout January.



"ROTTERDEAN." — An inexpensive Peter-sham Ribbon HAT. The brim rolls up all round, being wider at sides. Finished with a cut end at the back. Cost of hat on one side can be obtained in the following colours: Jade, Mastic, Sand, Nigger, Light Grey or Black. Sale Price **25/9**



"HERCULES." — A well-tailored COAT and SKIRT in good quality pin-stripe suiting. The Coat, which is lined throughout with silk, is cut on the new straight lines, with skirt to the knee. In Navy and White, or Black and White, S.S.W., S.W. and W. sizes. Usual Price 29/9. Sale Price **£7:17:6**

K. 200. Becoming and cosy BLOUSE in rich quality velvet. The collar, which fits well up in back of neck, finishes in a long rever and fastens with large silk button. Can be had in Saxe, Navy, Amethyst, Sand, Jade, Brown, Green, Black. Sale Price **33/9**

BOYS' KNICKERS IN GOVERNMENT SERGE.

INDIGO DYE.

Ages 3, 4 and 5 years.

Usual prices Sale Price

8/6, 9/6, 10/6 **7/11**

Ages 6, 7 and 8 years.

Usual prices Sale Price

10/6, 11/6, 12/6 **9/6**

Ages 9, 10 and 11 years.

Usual prices Sale Price

11/6, 12/6, 12/6 **10/9**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1

Russells WINTER CLEARANCE SALE

The Sale that matters! Now in Progress.

The drastic price reductions operating throughout every department afford Bargains so remarkable as to constitute records in value — even for RUSSELLS.



B33—Very dainty Semi-evening or Day IVORY NET BLOUSE. Large lace stencilled. Effectice lace. Sizes: 13, 14, 14 1/2 inches. Honestly worth 10/11. Outsize same price. Postage 4d. extra. Sale Price **6/11 1/2**

"BURMA" — Remaining lot of MOIRETTTE PETTI-COATS. Very durable with flat pleated foot frill. In Amethyst, Saxe, Violets, and Emerald only. Usual Price 12/11. Sale Price 6d. extra.

Sale Price **8/11 1/2**

"AFGAR." — Useful UNDER-SKIRT in soft BRUSH SILK, excellent for wear. In a variety of smart Roman stripe colourings, made with flat-pleated flounces for present fashion. Usual Price 29/6. Postage 4d. extra. Sale Price **18/11**

Once sold these goods cannot be repeated.

H. C. RUSSELL, LTD., Wardour St., Leicester Square, W.1

HERCULES Coat Frock Overalls

STYLISH,
COMFORTABLE,
SERVICEABLE

They are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' Hercules, "the tested cloth." They will stand any amount of washing, as the colours are absolutely fast and the material simply DEFIES WEAR.

We stock Hercules Coat Frock Overalls in various sizes with and without sleeves, and everyone we sell carries the makers' guarantee.

If a Hercules Garment is unsatisfactory or worn out we can replace it FREE OF CHARGE.

These Overalls cannot be sent on approval. Remittance 10/- Post Order must accompany all orders. Cash refund if goods are not approved.

**HERCULES COAT
FROCK OVERALLS.** as sketch, in plain colours

as Coral, Navy, Green, Pink, Golden Brown, Champagne and Quaker Grey, Navy and White, Saxe and White, Steel or Steel Navy, Saxe or Steel Navy, Saxe or Black ground with White pin stripes.

Post free

10/-

Outsize 12/6

**WINTER SALE
NOW PROCEEDING.**

Bargains in all departments.

**Marshall Roberts
LTD.**

CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON, N.W.1

(Opposite Camden Town Tube Station, five minutes from Tottenham Court Road.)

Closing Hours: Mon. Tues. Wed. & Fri. 7 o'clock.

Tues. 6 o'clock.

Open until 8 o'clock on Saturdays.

**SANDOW CORSET
SALE**

Now Proceeding.

GENUINE
REDUCTIONS.

Write for Sale Price List
No. 12, POST FREE.

MODEL NO. 55.

Average figure Corset, Medium size, in White or Dove Cloth, and fitted with two durable suspenders.

SALE PRICE 13/11

CHOOSE YOUR
CORSET BARGAIN
NOW!

Write or Call
SANDOW CORSET COMPANY, LTD.,
32, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1.

**GLACE KID
Special Offer 27/-**

A striking example of the high value we offer at strictly competitive prices. A comfortable shoe that always looks smart. Retains its shape perfectly throughout its long life. The double soles will stand rain and water and keep feet dry. Thoroughly reliable.


"AGAR." — Useful UNDER-SKIRT in soft BRUSH SILK, excellent for wear. In a variety of smart Roman stripe colourings, made with flat-pleated flounces for present fashion. Usual Price 29/6. Postage 4d. extra. Sale Price **18/11**

Once sold these goods cannot be repeated.

Shoe
No. 84.

Real Glace Kid Shoe. Short French Shape. Patent leather toe-cap. All-leather Cuban heels. All-leather leather soles. Cut fine round back giving neat close fit. 1/2 sizes. Various widths.

Orders attended to by return of post.
Money refunded if dissatisfied.
If doubtful of size, send old shoe.

Nordonne Ltd.

96, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1920.

WHO WILL GOVERN?

WE are told that the ceremony of signing peace in Paris on Saturday was "brief and business-like." That is more than can be said for the peace itself, which is very long and quite impracticable.

This brief and business-like signing of the lengthy and unbusiness-like document leaves us with a Europe at present less united than it was even during the war; for it leaves Russia out, America out and Turkey and the Turkish Empire yet unsettled. In fact, now that we have signed the Treaty of Peace with Germany, our obvious task is to make the peace we have signed.

The way to do this is difficult—hard to discern.

Professor Keynes, whose unanswerable book is justly exercising its wide and benevolent influence just now, tells us that it can only be done by changing all the existing Governments of the world.

It is indeed true that we must be "born again" if we are to make a new world. We must forget the past and think only of the future. We cannot continue to live and act under the obsession of dead things, ignoring the dead men who gave their lives for new ones. The new mind, born of the war, cannot manifest itself so long as we pursue only a policy of revenge. But it would indeed be pessimism to suppose that this new mind will never get into power, or that, when it arrives, it will not adapt itself to the vast spiritual changes induced in the young men, who suffered and survived, by the spectacle of the war prepared for them by the aged.

New men will come. New minds will work. But what minds and what men?

That, too, is just the question everybody is asking. It follows from the need of the new, proclaimed in Professor Keynes' book.

And everybody naturally and amusingly, but quite sincerely, answers it by saying, "Try me. The other fellow knows nothing about it."

The Coalition says: "Go on trying us" and adds that Labour can't do it.

Unfortunately, by-elections seem to show that the electorate is deaf to this invigorating call.

Labour says: "Try us because the Coalition obviously can't do it." And the apparently lost cause of a nearly extinct Liberalism says: "Try us, because either of those two will plunge you into confusion—the first into international, the second into civil, war."

Those are the home parties.

They are enlivened by attempts to get outside the groove on the part of ingenious gentlemen who want to gather new groups under advantageous epithets, such as "national," "patriotic," "infallible," "perfect," "divine," and so on.

No one is deceived by these epithets. For good or evil, government is by party, and attempts to label party "national" only result in giving a partisan flavour to the word "nation."

What, then, of the future?

Well, prophecy is discredited. We will only say that the signing of this portion of the present peace raises more problems than it solves, and that these problems will almost certainly have to be settled after reconstructions of all the home Governments involved. That is the lesson of our own by-elections. But the extent and nature of the reconstructions can only be known after the appeal to the nation has been made.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be gainer; to forget oneself is to be happy.—R. L. Stevenson.



Miss Joan Anstruther, granddaughter of Lord Sudley, has returned to town. She was one of last year's debutantes.



In the chorus of "The Officers" Miss Ethel Fisher is now a rising actress on film.

PEACE SUNDAY.

TWO MINISTERS' HURRIED TRIP TO PARIS—WILL MR. ASQUITH CONTEST PAISLEY?

YESTERDAY WAS PEACE SUNDAY, but the weather did not seem to think so. Those few pedestrians who ventured into the storm-swept streets had to stand a good deal of buffeting from a particularly strong and heedless wind, which blew down hoardings and wrenched big branches from the trees. I never saw the

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Vacancy.

In the political clubs they are wondering if Mr. Asquith will stand for Paisley, vacant by the death of Sir John McCullum. It is urged that having Mr. Asquith back in the House would considerably relieve the strained situation which now undoubtedly exists.

Not Resigning.

There have been many rumours in Dublin that Mr. MacMahon, the Irish Under-Secretary, has resigned. He is in London, and says he has not resigned. He has not been asked to resign. And he is here on purely Irish Civil Service business. That seems conclusive.

A Prince Lunche.

In a corner of the Berkeley I saw a quiet man lunching (not that I consider that Berkeley folks usually lunch loudly) and discovered it to be his Royal Highness Prince Louis of Orleans-Bourbon, Infante of Spain. He is

Trying It On.

I sympathise with the protest made against the use of London as an experimental area by our bureaucrats. We get inferior meat and generally, I should say, inferior foodstuffs. People in the North get the pick of the basket. What have we done to deserve this?

Lord Rawlinson's New Role.

Lord Rawlinson has been appearing in a new rôle. He is not much addicted to functions which are other than purely military, and so it was interesting to see him as chairman at a lecture at Aldershot the other day, when Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice talked on the League of Nations.

A Quiet Ceremony.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, on Saturday, Mrs. G. W. Anderson was married very quietly to Mr. W. S. Norris, the bride wearing her going away dress of navy and silver with her small blue hat lined with cherry red. She is the daughter of Mr. W. H. F. Dodgson, of Keston, Kent, and it is her late husband's sister who has just become engaged to Sir Samuel Haslam Scott, of Windermere.

A Babies' Party.

There are to be crowds of titled babies at the children's thé dansant at the Savoy on Wednesday, and at the parties given after Lady Mainwaring's children's matinee tiny lads were busy booking up their dances and asking if their partners jazzed or fox-trotted better. The music is to be Hawaiian.

The Talented Children.

Theatre managers and film men were greatly excited over the acting and dancing of the society children at the Rumanian performance at the Court. The Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, Miss Marjorie du Pre and the Hon. Georgiana Curzon came in for special praise.

The Prince and the Play.

Looking into the Garrick Theatre the other light for a second view of "The Eclipse," I observed the Prince of Wales in a back row of the stalls. He appeared to be one of the most appreciative members of the audience.

Fancy Kit.

There will be some startling and original costumes at the Pan masquerade at Covent Garden on Thursday. Miss Kylie Bellew and Mile. Yvonne Arnaud are among those preparing surprises for us.

For the U.S.

I hear that Mr. G. P. Huntley, whom ill-health recently caused to retire from the cast of "The Kiss Call," is going across the Atlantic. He sails for the States this week.

Billiards Record-Breaker.

Major H. L. Fleming, who last week set up a fresh amateur billiards championship record by averaging thirty in his heat with Mr. S. S. Christey, is brother-in-law to Mr. Rudyard Kipling by virtue of his elder brother's marriage years ago to Miss Beatrice Kipling.

Slow, but Sure.

The gallant cueist's stance at the billiard table is peculiar, for he bends right over until his chin is almost touching his cue. Also, his methods are deliberate, almost to the point



She doesn't want it. She doesn't need it. The problem with her is not how to propose, but how to put off her innumerable suitors.—(By W. K. Heselden.)

streets of the West End so deserted as they were yesterday. Perhaps London was sensibly celebrating Peace Sunday indoors.

over from Paris to attend a certain wedding here. Many lovely women curtisied to him.

Wines and Beers.

I was dining on Saturday in a pleasant little Soho restaurant—one of those unlicensed places where your wine is sent out for. Presently the smiling proprietor brought along a petition to the authorities for a licence, which the customers were asked to sign. I saw many well-known signatures in the list, and at the very head of all stood that of Mr. Winston Churchill.

A Business Woman.

Lady Rhonda is in Switzerland. She will be back in London at the end of the month. By the way, she is interested in the £9,000,000 amalgamation of Guest, Keen's and Lysaghts.

Back to the Shack.

It is good news that we may soon have Miss Elsie Janis back again. If things turn out as expected she will be seen at the Palace in a new production this time next year.



The Marchioness of Hartington is to make a visit to Eastbourne next month.



Miss Gladys Cawelti, Marchioness of Hartington, in the Woods on the Cullinan circuit.

The All-Wool Girl.

In a tramcar during the week-end I met the "all-wool" girl. She was wearing not only a very tricky woollen hat, but a woollen jumper, a woollen scarf and a woollen skirt. I wondered if it was a home-made costume.

THE RAMBLER.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON, LONDON. W8

Wonderful proof of the value offered in Dress Fabrics

CHEVRON. A pure Wool fancy Hopsac effect in the most charming colours, suitable for Wrap and Gowns or Children's Wear. In Cherry, Saxe, Grey, Emerald, Sky and Mauve. 50in. wide. To-day's value 14.9. Sale Price, per yard **11/9**

SUITING. In narrow herringbone weave, strong and durable for Children's School Wear. In Saxe, Hello, Grey, Mole, Nigger and Navy. 50in. wide. To-day's value 9.11. Sale Price, per yard **7/11**

VICUNA. With Velour finish all pure Wool, for Costumes and Coats, in Brown, Saxe, Hello, Sky, Navy. 50in. Reduced from 18.9 to **14/9**. To-day's value 9.11.

Sale Price, per yard **11/9**

GABARDINE. A thoroughly reliable quality for smart Dresses, in a large range of colours. 48/50in. wide. To-day's value 14.9. Sale Price, per yard **11/9**

We are actually prepared to sell 3,000 BLOUSES to day



IDA.—Beautiful Blouse in heavy Crepe de Chine. A really dainty garment in many becoming shades including Ivory, Putty, Jade, Saxe, Pink, Navy, Mauve, Lemon and Grey. Really marvellous value. Origin- 21/- Sale Price **21/-**

DORIS.—Very warm and useful striped Shirt. Well cut and finished. In a large variety of different colours stripes on light grounds. Originally 18/11. Sale Price **12/11**

FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS—All these blouses sent carefully packed and post free.

Sensational Clearance of COATS and SKIRTS

(See page 7)
at 4 prices

This Sale represents the most wonderful shopping opportunity of the season.

Practically the whole of our Stock of Suits has been included in these 4 price groups

None of these Suits can be sent on Approval, neither are they returnable.



Hundreds of others at 3 guineas include Covert Coatings, Serges, Tweeds, Suitings and Gabardines. Nothing like these values have ever been offered before.

The original prices in the 3 guinea group were **10, 9, 8 and 6½ guineas**

Here is an example of the 3 guinea group. Well tailored Velour with contrasting collar, buttonholes and slip pockets. Rows of buttons on collar and cuffs form pretty trimmings. The coat is lined throughout in satin. Originally 16½ gns. Special price for this sale

**3
Guineas**

Most in this group were **16½, 12½, 10½ and 9½ guineas**

A 5 guinea example—Velour in Black and Brown Check Plain tailored collar and revers. Large pockets with tiny buttons as trimming. Belted coat, lined throughout in satin. Originally 16½ gns. Special price for this sale

**5
Guineas**

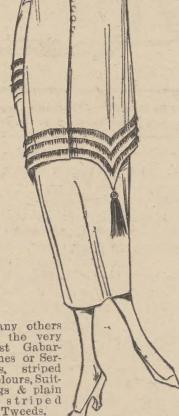


For 5 guineas there is a choice of splendid Navy and Black Serges, fine Tweeds, Velours, Velvets, Twisted Gabardines.



In anticipation of the crowds which are certain to be attracted we advise a visit at 9 a.m. sharp.

There is also a quantity of one-of-a-kind Suits to be cleared at 1 gn. and 2 gns.



This group consists of Suits which were **19½, 16½ & 12½ gns.**

A 6½ guinea example. Navy Gab Suit of newest shape. High military collar. The features of the coat are the big points finished with tiny tassels. Gold buttons and flowered French Satin lining. Originally 19½ gns. Special Price for this sale

**6½
Guineas**

The smartest of Suits at 30 gn., 20 and **18½ gns.** are included in this **8½ gn. group**

An example—Beautiful model coat of Brick coloured Velour. Stitched with Navy silk to form stripes. An exclusive Suit and one of the newest French models. Originally 30 gns. Special price for this sale.

**8½
Guineas**



Hundreds of French Model Suits, at less than cost. They include Trimmed Velours and Gabs, Braided Suits, Real Harris Tweeds.

The best Remnants will be here on Thursday

DO WOMEN WANT TO BE THE 'WEAKER SEX'?

PRIVILEGES THAT GO WITH THE POSITION.

By ROSE LINDLEY.

I DO wish that Parisian scientist had not made the announcement that woman is biologically superior to man.

That announcement, if allowed to go unchallenged, and if concerted effort be not made on the part of my sisters, will prove the first nail in the coffin of countless privileges long cherished by women.

The first threat of the loss of those privileges was brought home to me pointedly one evening recently. As my husband came in from the office I asked him—sweetly enough, perhaps tactlessly—to carry a bucket of coals into the house for me.

For answer he thrust into my hands a newspaper cutting, pointed to the report of the announcement, and muttering: "You're stronger than I, apparently," strolled calmly upstairs to change.

After dinner he went out to the club, no doubt to discuss the subject with all his pals. And husbands, sons and sweethearts throughout the country will be talking it over with their pals, and, if we are not careful, acting upon it. Then where shall we be?

During the war no doubt thousands of my sex did take up and carry on with jobs that had for all time been considered peculiar to the male.

But it was no more than a temporary stepping into the breach, and a large per-

centage were only too glad, when the men came back, to return to flounces, frills and dainty hands.

Among women deserving of the name, one of the most fascinating pursuits always has been, and ever will be, the search for that elusive person the "strong, silent man."

Go to a certain theatre, situate not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, where a young actor-manager holds sway, and listen to the comments of the women, young, old and middle-aged among the audience.

"My dear, what a wonderfully stern face," or "How firm and strong he looks. I wish I could get his autograph," and so on, once nightly and two matines per week.

Only a few days ago a demobbed young woman who had passed through hard times overseas sighed longingly to me: "Oh, to find a man one could be afraid of!"

That girl had the situation summed up in a sentence.

No woman wants, at the bottom of her heart, to be the superior of man physically, if at all. Each one likes to see her particular man performing feats of endurance and brute strength that she cannot carry out, and that she has no intention of trying to emulate.

One hope there is, and one hardly likely to fail, that should sustain us, against this threatened reversal of the old order.

Man has looked upon himself for ages as a tower of strength upon which members of the opposite sex may lean, and will resist any proposal to classify him as the weakest sex as strenuously as woman will fight against being styled the stronger.

To ensure quick delivery use the special order form below

Pontings The House for Value of Kensington Government AERO-FABRIC

THE remainder of Pontings' purchase of this wonderful Fabric has now been received, and must be cleared speedily to release space required for other goods. As the stock comprises every yard of the material obtainable, when this supply is exhausted the opportunity to secure one of the greatest bargains ever offered will have gone for ever. The shoals of orders being received daily show that there is no slackening in the public demand, so, to prevent disappointment no time should be lost in filling in the order form below and posting it forthwith.

THE MATERIAL.

Aero-Fabric is now obtainable in three widths, and is a delightfully soft, silk-like, cream coloured fabric, made to Government specification of fine Egyptian cotton. At these prices it is outstanding bargain value.

ITS USES.

It will make up admirably into Underwear of all kinds, Overalls, Shirts, Motoring and Dust Wraps, Summer Dresses, Children's Frocks, Pinafores, Casement and other Curtains, Linings for Winter Curtains, Cotton Sheets, Pillow Slips, Afternoon Tea and Traycloths, and a hundred and one other articles for household and personal uses of all kinds. There is not a home in the United Kingdom that could not use it advantageously.

THE PRICES.

Orders for large or small quantities receive equally prompt attention.

1/9½ per Yard.	2/- per Yard.	2/2½ per Yard.
Mark H.S. 38 inches wide.	Mark T.S. 45 inches wide.	Mark T.S.H. 52 inches wide.
Doz. yds.	Doz. yds.	Doz. yds.
1 £1 1 6	1 £1 4 0	1 £1 6 6
2 £2 3 0	2 £2 8 0	2 £2 13 0
3 £3 4 6	3 £3 12 0	3 £3 19 6
4 £4 6 0	4 £4 16 0	4 £5 6 0
5 £5 7 6	5 £6 0 0	5 £6 12 6
6 £6 9 0	6 £7 4 0	6 £7 19 0

Every yard of Aero Fabric is Guaranteed and will be sent by carriage paid and on the distinct understanding that if for any reason the fabric should not be considered suitable cash will be refunded in full upon its return

Call and examine the Fabric in our Showroom, or, to SAVE TIME, cut out this ORDER FORM, fill it up and post it to-day with cash.

To Messrs. PONTINGS, Kensington High Street, London, W.8.

PLEASE SEND, carriage paid yards of GOVERNMENT AERO FABRIC, QUALITY MARK.....
WIDTH.....PRICE.....per yard, for which I enclose
Cheque (or Treasury Notes or Money Order) value.....

NAME (State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

NOTE.—It is understood that if this Aero-Fabric should be returned as unsuitable, cash will be returned in full.

Please mark Envelopes
"Aero-Fabric Dept. D.M.A."

PONTINGS, Kensington High St., LONDON, W.8



JOHN BULL TOASTS PUSSYFOOT.—Little guests at a fancy-dress party given by Mrs. Cecil Rountree, the wife of the specialist.

SHOULD WE TAKE SPIRITUALISM SERIOUSLY?

THINGS WE CAN AND THINGS WE CANNOT BELIEVE.

By AN INQUIRER.

THERE are so many mysteries in life that it is not safe or wise to dismiss the theory of spiritualism with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

There are, for example, authentic instances of dual and multiple personality—cases of illiterate people who in their normal individualities can scarcely read or write, and yet who under certain conditions can do both easily and even speak foreign languages which they have never learnt. Medical science cannot explain these cases.

When we come to mind we are up against a brick wall. We cannot analyse it physically, nor can we tell the nature of it as a force of energy, nor even what it is finally resolved into.

Spiritualism offers a plausible explanation. It may be true. But when I have said that I have said all.

I have studied the subject with an open mind and have attended many seances, but I have never yet seen or heard anything that convinces me that there is communication with the dead.

Occular deception is the easiest thing in the world. Séances are held in darkness or semi-darkness. The eye strains to see. Things white jump into the vision, and to the imaginative person or to the person with defective eyesight—and how many have defective eyesight—assume the forms of those they are thinking about. Blind people "see" ghosts.

If further proof be needed of this statement examine independently half a dozen people who have attended a séance. If they have not had the chance of talking over and confirming their experiences I guarantee that each one of

them will give a different account of what he has "seen."

As for the other phenomena of spiritualism, table-rapping, table-turning, and so forth, these, when not produced by practical jokers or fraudulent mediums, can be explained on physical grounds, and it is a sane and salutary rule never to accept anything as evidence of the occult for which a material explanation is possible.

The Fox sisters, who started spiritualism as a cult in America in the middle of the nineteenth century, could produce sounds like raps by their knee joints.

Automatic writing is another phenomenon which may be the result of self-deception.

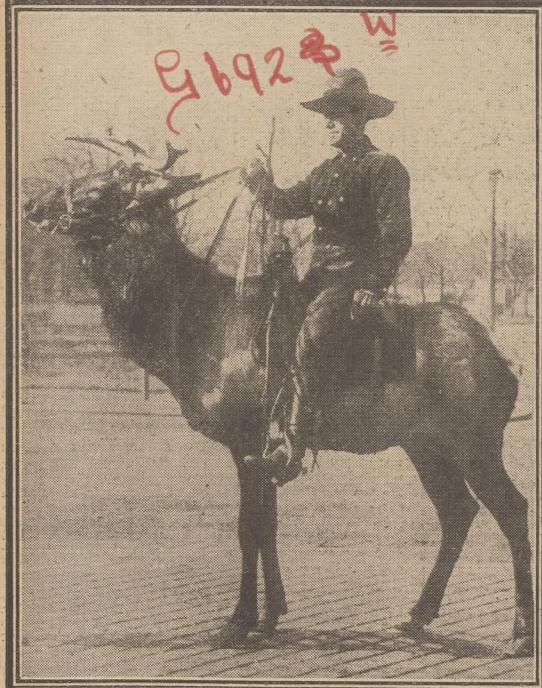
Most people can write automatically. You do not need a planchette. All you have to do is to place a pencil in your hand on a sheet of paper. Read or talk or try to think of nothing. Soon there will be a nervous tremor of the fingers. A feeling of numbness and coldness may pass over the hand and up the arm. Your fingers will move and will write, first probably a mere illegible scribble, but later, if you persevere, words and sentences and "messages."

It is a strange sensation, I admit, but this, too, is physically explicable. And I have never yet read any automatic writing that on internal evidence could not have come consciously or unconsciously from the brain of the operator.

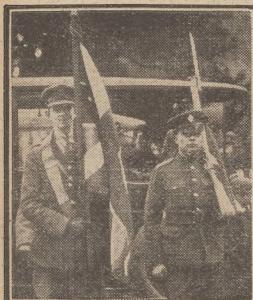
It is frequently urged in support of spiritualism that it must be true because it is believed in by men of high scientific attainments. But this is not proof. A man may be very clever and learned in one branch of knowledge and an absolute child in another. Many of our greatest men have had their fads and weaknesses.

While I would acknowledge that the testimony of a man of scientific training is more valuable than that of the ordinary man in the street, I would not regard it as infallible.

ELK AS SADDLE HORSE.



This elk, which an American has trained to the saddle, is very affectionate, and has learnt many tricks. It is shod just like a horse. The rider is often to be seen in a Washington park.



A GALLANT BATTALION.—An officer with the colours of the 17th Royal Fusiliers, which were deposited in Warlingham Parish Church on Saturday.



TWO CRAZES COMBINED.—You don't make figures when you get on roller skates now. You get a partner and do the one-step or the jazz.



A CHILDREN'S PARTY.—The children of the members of the Royal Botanic Society were entertained to a party on Saturday, an item on the programme being marionettes. The children of the Chinese Minister were among the guests, and laughed heartily at their antics.

HISTORIC FIVE MINUTES.



Germany and the Allied nations, with the exception of America, are now at peace. There were two ceremonies, but they were so brief that they only occupied five minutes. The photograph shows Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law arriving at the French Foreign Office and inset M. Clemenceau (left) and Signor Nitti, the Italian Premier.



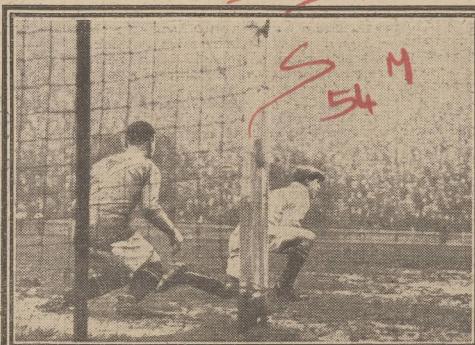
Sir John Bland-Sutton, elected first president of the new Association of Surgeons, is shown watching the interests of his branch of the profession.



Lt. C. C. Wood, the young South African, who jumped from Hammersmith Bridge to save a woman, has succumbed to his injuries.



Cantrell, who did the hat trick for Tottenham Hotspur against Br



Trembling saving in the Birmingham-Everton match.

ENGLISH CUP, FIRST ROUND.—After five years the great Association football competition known as the English Cup has again cast its spell over the land, and huge crowds, their love for the game more intense than ever, ma



Rain, followed by snow and sleet, made the South Shields ground a quagmire.

12225 12225
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EVENING

A New York designer's wrap is fashioned with sleeves. A ring

WRAP

SHOCKED BY ITS UGLINESS.



The matamata terrapin is described as "the ugliest creature I have ever seen" by the keeper of the reptile house at the Zoo. Children do not like the look of it, and generally, as this little girl is doing, shrink back with mistrust. It has a tortoise-like body, and is found in the rivers and swamps of tropical South America.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



oring his first goal. Tottenham's superiority was most marked.



roft's, the shipbuilders, and Burnley
a goalless draw at Fratton Park.



Travers, the Swindon forward, about to score the winning goal.
ray to the various grounds. Tottenham Hotspur gave a splendid display of football, and so did Fulham and
Travers scored both goals for the winners.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WEIGHED IN AT 3 ST. 8 LB.



The bull had made the course almost as bad as Flanders, so the men gallantly carried the ladies from point to point.

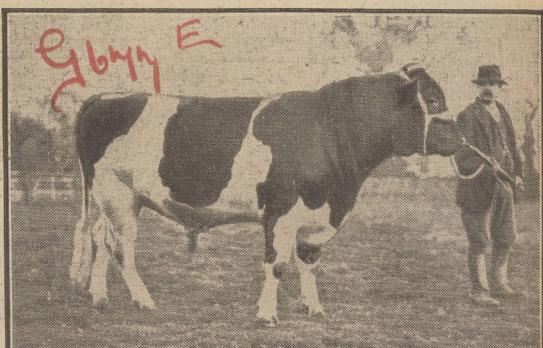


John O'Neil, aged ten, who rode
two winners.



Mr. Sidney Ribill, who won a race on
Discontent.

A race meeting was held at Ongar, Essex, on Saturday, as the result of a wager made by three members of the Corn Exchange, who raced each other. Though not a member of the Exchange, Master O'Neil was allowed to enter, and won two events.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



A FINE SPECIMEN OF CATTLE.—This great Friesian bull, Sir Kalma, is the only son of Myrtle, which, it will be remembered, gave 2,018 gallons of milk in 312 days.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

SILK BARGAINS

DURING SECOND
WEEK OF SALE.

RICH BROCADED LYONS SILKS,
in beautiful Colours and Designs,
suitable for furnishing purposes, all
very wide widths. Usual prices 21/-
to 128/-.

SALE PRICES 15/9 to 98/6

1,000 yards rich quality FAILE
BRITANIA. 44in. wide. Usual
prices 21/- per yard.

SALE PRICE 15/9 per yard.

1,500 yards FANCY FOULARDS.
Usual prices 14/9 to 21/9.

SALE PRICES 10/9 to 15/9

2,000 yards ARTIFICIAL and PURE
SILK JERSEY FABRICS, self
colours, also in smart Checks and
Stripes. Usual prices 29.6 to 49.6.

SALE PRICES 25/6 to 44/6

900 yards CREPE OLGA, in light
colours, suitable for rest gowns
and wraps. Usual price 29.6 per yard.

SALE PRICE 18/9 per yard.

All-Silk CREPE DE CHINE in good
range of colours, light and dark,
double width. To-day's value 12/9.

SALE PRICE 8/11 per yard.

These Garments cannot be sent on
approval.

**REMNANT DAY,
THURSDAY.**

73/6
SALE PRICE
69/6
SPECIAL PRICE

STREET COAT in good
quality colour finished blanket
cloth, cut with large armholes,
half-belts, pockets and large
wrap collar. In a few sizes.
SALE PRICE

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, VERE ST. AND OXFORD ST., LONDON.W.1



Harvey Nichols

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE LAST WEEK of SALE

Final Reductions in all Departments.



Wrap Coat, cut on new straight
lines, smart wide belt at back, narrow
in front. In overchecks, friezes,
Satin twills, homespuns, saxones,
etc. Coat length 44in. 69/-
Usual price 98/6
Finally Reduced 78/6

Sports Jumper, cut on new
straight lines, suitable for Gymnastics
and Blanket Cloth.
Finally Reduced to 49/-

Caracul Fur Coat, suitable
for matrons, made on
single line from fine
quality bright silks. An out-
standing feature of this coat
is the wide belt of Black, Grey, Mole or
Mauve Satin. In four different sizes.
Usual price 29.6.
Finally Reduced £12

Final Reductions in Crepe Georgette, 78/6
The blouse is draped over gold lace and lined with velvet ribbon. Circle with trail of flowers. Made in several colours. Usual price 8/-
Finally Reduced 79/6

Post orders for these
goods cannot be executed.

REMNANT DAYS THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY NEXT.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

REMARKABLE SHOE BARGAIN

Offer for a Short Period Only.

THE Ladies' style illustrated here represents the very latest thing in footwear—a beautifully modelled patent shoe, perfect in every way and highly finished. Made in the goloshed pattern, with fashionable toe shape and extra stylish Cuban heel, it is just the smartest and most distinctive shoe any lady could wish to wear.

A huge deal in high-grade patent leather has enabled us to produce this shoe at a much lower figure than we could possibly do in the usual way, and as an advertisement this splendid footwear is offered at the ridiculously low price (for this unequalled quality) of 39/6.

When our existing stocks are disposed of, these shoes cannot be repeated under 45/-, so send the order TO-DAY and make sure of your pair.

Sizes in stock : 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7. If the size is not known, send pencilled outline of stocking foot and we will get the right fit. Shoes exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.

Special Show
during the week at
London Depots:

36, Oxford Street, W.
21 & 22, Cheapside, E.C.
57, Fenchurch St., E.C.
166, Strand, W.C.
285, High Holborn, W.C.
12, Tottenham Court Rd.

STYLE NO. 2507.
NOTE
THE
PRICE
39/6
ONLY



STYLE NO. 2507

Send 3d. postage for our
large Illustrated Art
Catalogue of Ladies',
Gent's and Children's
Footshape Footwear.

W. BARRATT & CO. Ltd. (Dept. R)
"Footshape" Boot Works, NORTHAMPTON.

The New Blanket Fashions

A Practical Solution of the Winter Clothing Problem.

An enterprising Firm in Victoria Street, London, S.W., who have made a big name for Blanket Values, have hit upon the happy and ingenious idea of turning their Woolen Blankets into various articles of Winter Apparel. The firm in question are neither Tailors nor Dressmakers, but in their Window-to-door day one can see smart up-to-date Garments, such as Ladies' Coats and Costumes and Gentlemen's Overcoats, Coats for Children, and other items of Winter Wear, all of which are made out of their Cosy Woolen Blankets.

What you can make out of these Blankets

Fawn, Brown, All-Wool, British Army Quality.

Size 60 x 80in. 15/9 ea.; 60 x 90 17/6 ea.

The 60 x 90in. size is large enough to make a Lady's Costume giving a Coat up to 34in. bust and 40in. hip measurement. Skirt up to 34in. long with 4in. hem. One Blanket will give ample material for a large Dressing Gown. As an alternative if you will do for a Gent's Overcoat up to 40in. chest and 45in. length; or, if desired, you could make out of one Blanket a Gent's Norfolk Jacket, 36in. chest, and a pair of Trousers, 35in. hip measurement. The 60 x 80 size could be utilized for a Youth's Lounge Suit or Overcoat up to 34in. chest.

Silver Grey, 99 per cent. Wool.

Size 58 x 78in. 19/3 ea.; 62 x 82, 22/6 ea.

This quality is soft and fleecy, and of a particularly charming shade. One Blanket, enough for a Coat measurement did not exceed 32in. bust and 40in. in length would also find this Blanket sufficient for a smart Coat. The 62x 82in. size would make a Lady's Coat up to 34in. bust and 44in. in length.

Dark Blue Grey, 99 per cent. Wool.

56 x 76in. 16 6 ea.; 58 x 78in. 19/3 ea.

This quality has a nice silky finish, and in length for a School Girl. In size 58 x 78in. it will no doubt provide similar Garments to those suggested for the 60 x 90in. Grey.

The foregoing are merely suggestions, and do not by any means exhaust the Garment-making possibilities of Woolen Blankets. Dressing JACKETS, SPORTS COATS, JUMPERS, SCARVES, HATS, CARDIGAN VESTS, are other articles of Winter Wear for which these Blankets are eminently suitable. No one need hesitate to adopt these Blanket Fashions on the grounds that they will look cheap or dowdy. The Garments displayed in the window of the Victoria Street firm, where the Blanket-Fashion idea had its origin, are quite up-to-date, and have all the style and appearance of high-priced quality Clothing.

The Woolen Blankets referred to above are obtainable from **S. BARROW & CO.**, Dept. 156, 104, Victoria Street, London, S.W. They may be sent by post, and payment will be required on receipt of your money. If you are not completely satisfied, Enclose remittance with your order, and the **Blankets** will be sent Carriage Paid and insured against loss in transit. Please note that these Blankets are new and unused—they come straight from the Mills.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

By RUBY
M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who from motives of duty, marries

JEFFERY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom she is wed.

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under consider-

able financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love

with Stafford.

Meg has run away from her husband to

Harrow. But is induced to return. Jeffry, however,

refuses to have anything further to do with her.

She then learns that Stafford has sailed for

America.

During the absence of Jeffry in America, Meg

continues a friendship with Leslie Stafford, a

young man whom Jeffry had adopted some years

before.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

DURING the week that followed I saw a great deal of Leslie Stafford. Hardly a day passed unless he came to the flat, or I met him somewhere for lunch or dinner.

I was profoundly grateful to him for his friendship; he was always cheery, always willing to fall in with my wishes; and some sort of way he seemed to take the place in my life which had once been Laurie's.

And all this time my brother had not been seen near me.

I asked Leslie if he had seen him again; but he shook his head.

"I'm not likely to," he said, and when I asked why not, he colored a little and evaded answer by saying "I've got a present."

"You mean that you could not take me to the sort of places where you would meet him?" I asked, and he said that men, especially bachelors, led a totally different life from that which they would desire their women-folk to live.

"Leslie and I were everything to one another once," I said, rather wistfully. "But all my life seems to have changed since—"

"Since your marriage," he added for me as I stopped.

"Not that so much," I answered. I was thinking about Anthony Willard, but I had never spoken of him to Leslie, and I never intended to do so. All that part of my life was buried and left far behind.

We were having dinner at Marnio's that night, and were lingering over our coffee and cigarettes because neither of us had felt inclined to go on to a theatre.

There were not many people in the restaurant now, but it was warm and cheery, and I would far rather have been there, where there was something to distract my attention, than at home alone in the flat.

"Have you heard—anything of—Jeffry?" Leslie Stafford asked suddenly. He avoided looking at me as he spoke, and I was very glad, for I felt the warm blood rushing to my face at the unexpected question.

"Nothing—and I don't expect to hear," I said quietly. "But I dare say he has arrived by this time."

There was a little silence.

"Will he be staying long?" Leslie asked again.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I know less about him than you do."

He refilled my coffee cup.

"I wonder what he would say if he could see me dining here with you," he said presently.

"S—S—Why should he say anything? Am I not to have any friends?"

"Jeffry would not consider me a suitable friend for you."

"I am old enough to choose for myself," I said sharply.

Our eyes met across the table, and a sudden little queer feeling that was not fear, and yet strangely like it, went through me.

He was looking at me with an expression in his dark eyes that I had never seen there before, and with a desire to change the conversation I said: "What sort of gambling games do you and Laurie play when you are in the places you would not care for me to visit?"

He looked rather nonplussed at my blunt question, but he laughed.

"I'm not much of a gambler at any time. I'm not sufficiently well off for one thing, and you forget—I only have met your brother once."

"Well, and what was he playing then?" I urged.

"I think it was baccarat."

I leaned my chin in the palm of my hand.

"I should like to learn to play," I said eagerly. "The excitement must be wonderful. A woman I knew once, who was a dreadful gambler, told me that there was no excitement like it in all the world—and she was dreadfully unlucky; she never won."

"Does anybody ever win?" he asked dryly.

"I never have."

A smile of sorts flashed through my mind.

"Will you take me some day? I should love it! It would be such fun, and nobody would know—not that I care if they do. Oh, please say that you will."

He did not answer, and, looking at him in faint surprise, I saw that he was gazing steadily across the room towards the door.

I turned round sharply, following the direction of his eyes, and saw my brother Laurie.

"Talk of the devil!" I said with a little hysterical note of gladness in my voice. "Oh—whom is he?"

For I could now see that he was not alone; another man and two rather fashably-dressed girls were following him down the room.

He saw me before he reached the table which had evidently been reserved for him, and for a moment he stood still, staring at me in faint amazement; then, with a hurried apology to his companions, he came across.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Meg! Good grief! Whoever thought of seeing you! And—with Stafford!"

There was a distinct note of disapproval in the last words, and instinctively I felt my pride rise in Leslie's defence.

All these days Laurie had not been near me; he had left me alone and wretched. How, then, dared he even appear to disapprove of my escort?

You know one another, I think," I said. I was watching them both curiously, and I knew at once, by the stiff greeting they exchanged, that they did not like one another.

I leaned back in my chair and laughed.

"Who are your friends, Laurie?" I asked pointedly. "Won't you bring them over and introduce them?"

He answered hurriedly that I should not care for them—a fact which my first glance in their direction had told me—and he changed the subject by asking bluntly if I had heard from Jeffry.

I felt myself colouring again.

"No—have you?" I asked coolly, and he frowned as he echoed my words. "Have I? You know jolly well I haven't!"

"Then you know jolly well I haven't either," I answered sharply.

He looked across the room to his friends, and then back at me.

"Shall you come in if I come round and see you tomorrow, Meg?"

"I don't know; I can't promise. I might be or I might not. What time do you propose to call?"

I had tried to school myself to his indifference and neglect, and had believed I had succeeded, but now, at sight of him, the oldache had come back and I felt very miserable indeed.

"I'll come to lunch," he said.

"I'll come after lunch, then," he said shortly.

"I'll come to tea."

"I shan't expect you," I answered flippantly.

"I shall come all the same," he said, and he walked away and went back to his friends.

I finished my coffee and drew my wrap closer round my shoulders. I felt tired and dispirited.

"Shall we go?" I asked.

MEG IS WARNED.

LESLIE rose at once. He looked very preoccupied; he hardly spoke until we were driving away together. Then he said abruptly:

"Your brother does not approve of your friendship for me."

I laughed.

"I am sure you are wrong; he cares nothing for what I do or whom I know."

And my heart swelled with bitter indignation, as I thought of fresh how all my troubles were originally due to me, and how poor a thing his gratitude had proved.

"If he calls to see you tomorrow he will tell you that I am not a fit friend for you," Leslie Stafford said again, positively.

"It will make no difference," I answered, hardly.

To my utter amazement he caught my hand.

"Meg, are you sure of that?"

I drew away from him with a little stifled exclamation. It was the first time that he had ever been anything but the most courteous of friends to me, and again that little nameless feeling which was so like fear, shot through my heart.

He saw at once that he had startled me, for he took his hand away, and changed his seat from beside me to the one opposite.

"I am sorry," he said, unevenly. "I beg your pardon, but—but your friendship means a great deal to me—more than you can ever guess."

I did not know how to answer him, but at last I stammered out:

"You have been so kind. Don't . . . don't spoil it all! I have nobody but you, you know."

He was silent for some minutes, then he said, very gently:

"I am sorry—it shall not occur again; but just now when you spoke to your brother of me—you, you spoke of me by my christian name, and I thought . . ."

I could not tell him that I had just done that to anger Laurie. I sat silent, my hands pressed nervously together in my lap.

"I promise you it shall not occur again," he said presently, with a note of such deep sincerity in his voice that I felt reassured.

"It's all right—please forget it, as I shall," I said, and held out my hand to him.

He kissed it to his lips and kissed it very gently, and then, to my relief, the taxi stopped and we were at the flat.

As a rule, when we had dined out together, he came in for a few moments, but to-night I did not ask him to do so, and he was the first to bid me good night.

"And I am—forgiven?" he asked.

"Quite," I said. "Please forget it."

But I did not forget it, and for a long time that night I lay awake wondering what he had really meant.

He knew I was a married woman, and from the first we had agreed to be just ordinary friends. Why, then, had he allowed that moment of emotion to spoil everything?

"It's absurd—utterly absurd," I told myself again and again. "As if we could ever be anything but friends—even supposing . . ."

But I did not finish that thought.

When I got back from my lunch with Leslie the following day Laurie was waiting for me in the little drawing-room of the flat.

In a way I had not really expected him, although I had hoped he would come, and for a moment it seemed as if old happy旧日的 days were established again. He rose to his feet and said: "Well, old girl!" and, putting his hands on my shoulders, bent to kiss me.

And I forgot all my hurt pride and the dignity I had intended to maintain with him, and put my arms round his neck tightly for a moment.

"Oh, Laurie! why haven't you been to see me before? I've been so lonely. I have wanted to see you so badly."

He disengaged my arms and put me into a chair.

"Lonely! With that fellow dangling at your heels from morning till night?" he asked tensely.

He looked up at him slowly, the flush of happiness fading from his cheeks, the hardness creeping again to my heart.

"What do you mean?" I asked, with stiff lips.

Laurie laughed mirthlessly.

"I mean what I say. I'd heard about it before you saw it at dinner last night. Meg, how could you go to a public place like Marnio's with such an unutterable bound?"

I sat quite still. The blood in my veins seemed to freeze, and he went on rapidly:

"I know you're not the sort of girl to blab any woman's reputation to be seen here, there and everywhere with Leslie Stafford. He's a thorough rotter. If Jeffry knew that you are on friendly terms with him . . ."

I cut him short then. I rose to my feet, trembling in every limb.

"I've come here only to say insulting things about my friends," I said, and my voice shook badly, "please never come again." Leslie Stafford had become kinder, more kindly than you have. You have never once been near me or troubled to find out what I was doing. And as for quoting Jeffry to me . . ."

He struck his hand down from my shoulder.

"How dare you! Oh, how dare you!" I

almost sobbed in my rage and wounded pride. "Do you think I care who either you or I say to you and Jeffrey? Oh, go away, go away—I never want to see you again."

"It's no good making a scene," Laurie said unfeelingly.

"I'm sorry if Leslie is a particular friend of yours, but he's always paid for a shilling's worth of anything since I've known him."

"He's been most kind."

"After all, who are you to talk about him? Even if it's true what you say, and I know it's not true."

My brother flushed angrily.

"Oh, of course, I knew you'd start on me," he said violently.

"But we'll leave out of the question just this once, if you don't mind, and keep to the subject. You're only a child, even if you are married, and the fact that everyone knows Jeffry is a scoundrel under rather peculiar circumstances, makes them notice what you do all the more. To start with, it's all wrong for you to be living here alone."

That was more than I could stand. I know that I was scarlet with passionate indignation as I flushed out—

"And whose fault is that? Yours, of course, and you know it. You told me I could not live with you, and I had to live somewhere. Oh!"

I broke out in uncontrollable passion, "I think he's been hateful—fearful the way you have treated me—and we used to be so happy together," I added desolately and broke into bitter sobs.

Laurie stifled an oath under his breath.

"It's your fault as much as mine," he said gruffly.

"You've changed out of all knowledge

since that infernal dance. You never used to fly at me like this, and all because I give you some good advice. I tell you that Jeffry kicked Leslie Stafford out of his house, and if he knows that you're going about with him he'll stop every penny piece of your allowance. His voice rose excitedly, and with a little cold thrill I realised that it was not merely his reputation that was worrying him at all, but the fear that I might lose my money."

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.



Meg Ross.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S LAST WEEK OF SALE.

Final Reductions Commencing TO-DAY.



Original Model FUR WRAP in finest quality Seal Muskrat, with reversals in narrow stripes. Original price £19 gns. Further Reduced to 98/- gns.

FUR WELL-TAILORED SUITS in three different designs, of which sketch is a typical example, in a good quality Seal Navy and Black Serge. Original price £18 gns. Further Reduced to 78/- gns.

TEA FROCK for young lady in Crepe de Chine, finely pleated, double skirt finished with Picot edge, fancy ribbon belt. Original price £21 gns. Limited quantity only. Further Reduced to 12/- gns.

Llama Woolen Knitted COAT in the open lace stitch, with small Scandi attached, in a variety of fashionable colours. Original price £26 gns. Limited quantity only. Further Reduced to 21/- gns.

REMNANT DAYS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

WIGMORE ST. & WELBECK ST., LONDON, W.1

Post Orders cannot be executed.

BARKERS HALF-PRICE DAY TO-MORROW

The huge warehouse on the Fourth Floor devoted exclusively to piece goods will offer innumerable Half-price Remnant Bargains and Sale accumulations.

VIZ
17½ to **89**

This is the famous Barker rule: the customer takes the Sale ticket and pays exactly one-half. SILKS AND FABRICS, BLOUSES, HATS, COATS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, GOLF COATS, UMBRELLAS, ETC. In addition, thousands of remnants of Government Linens will be offered at a discount of 25 per cent.

SILK OFFERS

Two exceptional Sale Values in the Barker Silk Section (Ground Floor).

5,000 yds. heavy quality all-silk Schappe Lingerie Crepe. Excellent washing and dependable wear for Blouses, Lingerie, etc. Colours: Ivory, Pink, Sky, Rose, Anthracite, Emerald, Navy and Black. 40ins. wide.	2,000 yds. all-silk Crepe-de-Chine. A good quality in odd colours. Remaining from complete range colours. Mais Amethyst, Fraise, Purple, Prune, Bottle and Navy. 38ins. wide.
6/11	6/11

Usual price 8/11.

Usual price 8/11 and 9/11.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF FUR COATS AND FURS

Further Reductions This Week Only.

Throughout This Week we are clearing our entire Stock of FUR COATS and FURS regardless of cost.

Some Examples of Bargains we are offering:

	Usual Price.	Present Sale Price.
3 only Seal Musquash Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs,	90	50
2 only Persian Lamb Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs,	110	65
50 Rich Coney Seal Coats	21	14
10 Model Fox Coats, various Furs	40	26
14 Natural Musquash Coats, First Quality	45	30
20 Mole Coneys Coats	30	18
20 Large Skunk Wraps and Stoles	25	15
25 Large Skunk Muffs	17	10
60 Odd Fur Stoles	9	5
70 Skunk Opossum Stoles	6	3½
30 Cloth Coats, lined fur	12	8
100 Velour Cloth Coats, fur collars	6	4
20 Large Natural Musquash Stoles	7½	5

Pay us an early visit as this offer will not be repeated.

Stock Must Be Cleared This Week.

PERCY ROBINSON, Ltd.,
83, Westbourne Grove, W.

Phone Park 382.

Close Saturday, 1 o'clock.



Fine Electric Seal Coat with Skunk Collar. Usual Price 30 Sale Price 18 Gns.



HOLEPROOF LADIES' HOSE.

Two Months' Wear or another pair.

GREAT WINTER SALE FOR ONE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 19th.

Holeproof Hose. No. S.54.—Superior quality. Silk Finish. Specially strengthened Heels, Toes & Tops. All sizes. In Black, White, Nigger, Tan, Navy, Grey & all colours.

2/11 for 5/6 or 2 pairs for 15/9.

Also No. R. 79. A heavier weight Hose for Winter Wear. Same Drive. All sizes. Black, White, Tan, Navy, Grey & all colours.

If unable to visit our London Showrooms, send an order to Post Office, 10, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. We guarantee these Hose to wear without holes or ladders for two months.

We receive thousands of repeat orders from satisfied customers.

We guarantee these Hose to wear without holes or ladders for two months.

If lost or damaged, send back to us and we will replace it free.

THE LONDON HOLEPROOF HOSER CO., LTD., 53, DUKE STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. (Opposite Selfridges.)

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

WEDNESDAY NEXT Even Money Bargains

AN EVENTFUL DAY IN THE WEST END SHOPPING WORLD

This Special Sale Day is an annual event well known to those who have patronised us on previous occasions. The Bargains offered will be the Very Best Values obtainable under present conditions.

SPECIAL OFFER. 50 pieces of

TWEEDS, WOOL CHEVIOTS AND BLANKET CLOTHS

ALL ONE PRICE.

In a variety of Colours and Mixtures, 50 to 54in. wide.

6/- per yard.

Usual Prices,
8/11 to 12/11 per yard.

We strongly advise our customers to buy wool material now; manufacturers are asking us at least 25 per cent. advance on present prices for all future orders for Woollen Dress Fabrics.

NO PATTERNS CUT OR LETTER ORDERS EXECUTED.

1/6	DAY, CRETONNES—Various designs. 31 inches wide, 1/6 per yard.
1/6	DAY, COTTON DRESS FABRICS, 1/6 per yard. Patterns cannot be cut or sent.
2/-	DAY, LACE CURTAIN NET, Ivory; Plain or Lace Edge. 50 inches wide, 2/- per yard.
2/-	DAY, LADIES' STOCKINGS in Black, Lisle or Coloured Cotton.
2/6	DAY, CHILDREN'S UNTRIMMED FELT HATS in Various Colours and Black.
5/-	DAY, LADIES' COMBINATIONS. "Lena Lastik." Cream only. V Neck, short Sleeves. (Underclothing Dept.)
5/-	DAY, UNTRIMMED FELT HATS. Best quality. In Black and Colours.
6/-	DAY, LADIES' COMBINATIONS in Nainsook, trimmed Lace. Golf shape only. (Underclothing Dept.).
6/-	DAY, MEN'S WINCEYETTE SHIRTS. Well made and Finished.
7/-	DAY, UNDERSKIRTS, MOIRE ANTIQUE, various colours and Black.
8/-	DAY, CHILDREN'S WOOL JERSEYS. Exceptional value. (Boys' Dept.)
10/-	DAY, Baby Linen Dept. Wool. Hand-made Crochet COATS and CAPS in a few good colours. Sizes from 16 to 24 inches.
10/-	DAY, Semi-trimmed HATS and Velour oddments.
10/-	DAY, Model Shapes in Hatters' Plush, Velvet, etc.
10/-	DAY, Ladies' UMBRELLAS, various Handles, Reliable Covers.

WEDNESDAY NEXT will also be an EXTRA REMNANT & ODDMENT DAY in all Depts.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1



FASHION AND FANTASY.

THE low waistline shows a great tendency towards popularity in many of the newest afternoon gowns. Even in evening gowns it is being accentuated.

A CIRCLE OF MALINE

wound round the hips of a pretty black satin evening gown, gives it a charming low-waisted effect. Jet bead trimming adorned the corsage and skirt part.

HERCULES BRAID

soutache, rat-tail, military and, in fact, any type of braid is to be much used as adornments for spring tailor-made costumes.

PETER PAN

collars are to be worn with the new bolero or Eton jacket street-wear suits.

METAL BROCADE

silk and Chinese green satin were the effective materials of a charming evening cloak. The high ruffing collar and deep-bound slit armholes were of the brocade.

THE DIRECTOIRE COLLAR

wired high and finished with a neat ribbon bow is the charming accompaniment of many of the new coat dresses for spring wear.

GOLD TINSEL

thread interwoven with saxe blue silk made charming a new model jumper. Bands of gold finished sleeves, neck and hem, and the rounded



Skunk collar and cuffs adorn this tailor-made of beige devore.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 10.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Come along with those resolutions! Send me what you think is the best New Year resolution you have made (not more than fifty words) and win one of the thirty-two splendid prizes. How do you like the story? I can promise you some most exciting instalments this week—they are all about lions!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.



No. 8.—Jack Rescued from the Gorge.

JACK felt himself slipping, slipping—he seemed to be sliding down a rocky gorge. In vain he tried to grab something with his hands—oh, if only there was a tree to hold on to! With a groan he fell. Jack dropped his butterfly net. In a flash, despite his terrible predicament, he wondered if the beautiful butterfly had escaped.

And then—bump! His feet had struck a small tree! He clung on to the branches, made himself secure and then took stock of his position.

"Pew! How am I to get out of this?" he cried to himself. He began to cry out with all the strength of his lungs: "Ralph! Ralph! Nobo! Nobo!" and



"Lions, Massa Ralph!" cried Nobo.

in a little while he saw his friend's head and the black, curly mop of Nobo peering over the top of the gorge.

Now, Ralph was a clever boy, and he had planned this big-game hunting expedition in the jungle very well. He had brought with him a big coil of rope.

It was an easy matter to lower the rope and pull up the unlucky Jack. "You are a chap for getting into scrapes!" laughed Ralph as he brushed his friend down. "I wonder what you will do next! Anyhow, there's the butterfly which nearly cost you your life."

It was a glorious day and they pushed on for some miles through beautiful, luxuriant country. Towards evening Nobo suddenly grew very excited. He pointed to some big, cat-like footmarks in the sand.

"Lions, Massa Ralph!" he cried. "Plenty lions hereabouts! Get your rifles ready!"

(To-morrow: The Lion "Trap".)

MY PETS JOIN THE "SCRUM" AT A "WINTER SALE."



Hearing that the "winter sales" were now on, my pets (thinking they were some kind of circus) went to one on Saturday. Of course, poor Squeak soon became a "casualty."

neck was edged with gold, which tied itself into a jaunty knot at the back; its long ends reaching to the narrow gold waistband.

SERGE, TRICOTINE

garbeline, tric-serge jersey cloth and devore are the materials which will be used for costumes and coat-frocks for spring wear. Buttons, braids, heavy silk, machine stitching and silk embroidery are only a few of the pretty things that will adorn them.

RUCHED NET

of soft blue and fine lace made a delightful little bedoir in which its wired wings of lace looked exactly like the smart caps worn with the picturesque Dutch costume.

A CYCLAMEN-COLOURED

ostrich feather rosette was the dainty finishing-touch which a smart young girl in her simple evening gown of gold embroidered black nimon. MARJORIE.

FRINGE AND MOLE

fur was the pretty combination used for a novel set of furs. Mole-coloured fringe edged the fur cape and suspended itself in the centre of the barrel-shaped muff.

BUXTON

—Well-cut SHIRT in coloured striped washing lawns, various designs and styles, mostly as shown. SALE PRICE

LAST WEEK OF

PETER ROBINSON'S WINTER SALE

Further Reductions in all Departments.



No. 1.—Satin HAT with the new full crown and becoming Brontone band. L. Ivory, Nigger and Black. SALE PRICE

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No Sale goods can be sent on approval

No. 4.—Black Glace Kid Lace SHOE, patent toe-cap. SALE PRICE

29/-

No. 4.—Black Glace Kid Lace SHOE, patent toe-cap. SALE PRICE

29/-

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., Oxford St., W.1.

"DURHAM."—Teddy Bear COAT in many useful colours. Very warm, well-tailored.

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Entourage Post Free.

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Daily Mirror

Monday, January 12, 1920.

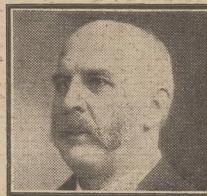
MISHAP ON MAIDEN TRIP.



A view of the damage wrought by a falling mast on board the motor-schooner Illinior Wipuri when the vessel was on her maiden voyage from Finland to Spain with a cargo of timber. A gale was responsible for the mishap.



ASHTON BY ELECTION.—Mr. W. C. Robinson, who is the Labour candidate opposed to contest the seat of Ashton-under-Lyne recently vacated by Sir Albert Stanley.



PAISLEY'S M.P. DIES.—Sir John M. McCallum, who has represented Paisley since 1906, has just died after a protracted illness.

LONDON'S TAME PIGEONS.



The pigeons of London show a wonderful instinct in distinguishing friends and foes. A friend is at once recognised and the bird is sufficiently fearless to take food from his mouth and even search her pockets.

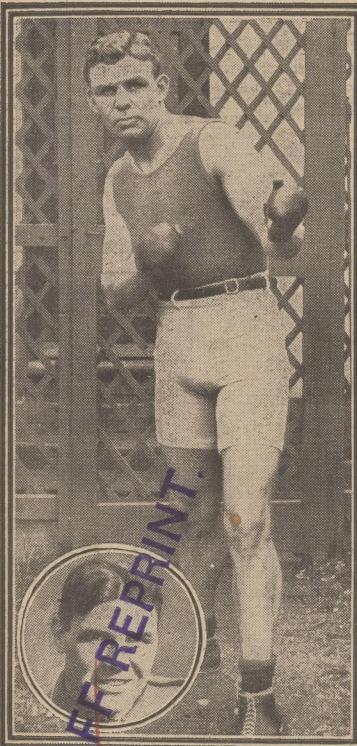
BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.



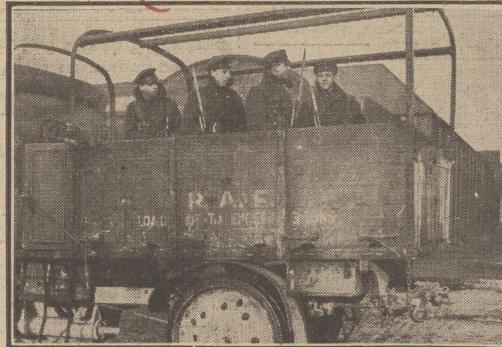
At Cincinnati these girls, themselves blind, are making a special Christmas book for sightless British soldiers. For each soldier two different books will be printed and extra copies taken for the use of civilians.



HAYCART AS HEARSE.—The late Mr. Charles E. Green, publisher, expressed the wish to have his coffin carried on a haycart and drawn by Clydesdale horses. The picture shows the accordance to this request.



BECKETT v. SMITH.—Joe Beckett, the well-known boxer, whose match with Georges Carpentier created such record interest recently, will be opposed by Dick Smith (inset) at the Albert Hall on Jan. 30, when a keen contest is anticipated.



DUBLIN'S DISTURBANCES.—In view of recent acts of violence, the authorities are adopting precautionary measures at places of importance. Patrols similar to the above are frequently in evidence.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



NOT THE NORTH POLE.—When the snow is wet and sticky it clings to one's skis and requires cleaning off. This photograph from Switzerland gives some idea of the length of a ski, the top of which can just be reached when the ski is vertical.